

MYSTERIOUS MALE ESCORT IS A MOGUL CHAPTER 2143

After the wild and passionate night, Danrique held Francesca in his arms as he slept soundly.

Francesca curled up her body against him like a kitten while shooting him a glare.

He's so annoying! How could he fall asleep just after having s*x with me? Jeez!

His weight on her started growing unbearable. She turned around immediately, and just as she was about to get away from Danrique, she was pulled back into his embrace before he locked his arms and leg on her, restricting her movements.

She couldn't move anymore.

With no choices left, she lay down helplessly on the bed and stared at the beautiful snowy scene outside the window in exasperation.

Yet, the snoring coming from Danrique seemed to possess some magical effect that had her drifting into the dreamland shortly after.

That night, they both had a good sleep.

Francesca woke up in the morning the following day. She heard the water running in the bathroom. She immediately knew Danrique was taking a shower, so she didn't pay much attention. Instead, she turned around and wrapped her arms around a pillow before sleeping again.

Danrique got out shortly after. He wrapped a towel around his body and rubbed his hair with a towel. "Come. Have breakfast with me."

Francesca stretched a little with the pillow still in her arms before pouting and glaring at Danrique.
“Apologize!”

“Hmmm?” Danrique was taken back by surprise. “What?”

“Apologize for all the mean words you hurled at me.” Francesca rubbed her beautiful legs against Danrique's.

“What did I say?” Danrique, however, did not remember anything at all.

“You...” Francesca sprang up from the bed and went into a frenzied state. “You said I married you for William's sake and accused me of having s*x with you because I'm doing it all for him. Do you know how insulting those words were?”

“Oh.” It all came back to Danrique. “Are you?”

“Of course not!” Francesca stood on the bed with her hands on her hips as she bellowed, “I, Francesca Felch, am not shaken by poverty, nor will I be subdued by force! What's that called again? Bah! Anyway, I will never do something I hate to reach my goals, let alone something important like marriage and relationship!”

“Oh!” Danrique hummed and headed straight toward the wardrobe without paying much attention to her reply.

Yet, the corners of Danrique's lips quirked up as he turned around.

He was satisfied and happy with the answer he received.

“Hey! Did you hear me?” Francesca roared furiously.

Danrique did not budge, and he continued changing his clothes.

Seeing this, Francesca's anger burned even stronger, leading to her charging into the wardrobe and yelling, "Hey, rogue! Talk to me!"

"I heard you," Danrique replied indifferently, "Go and clean yourself up. I'm waiting for you to have breakfast."

"Hmph!" Francesca was furious. It felt like she was throwing punches into the air. She tried her best to reason with him, but his reply was cold and unresponsive.

She was aggrieved. That feeling was awful.

"Okay. That's enough." Danrique found her pouting face rather funny. He carried her up and placed her on the rack so that she could look him straight in the eyes on the same level. "From now onwards, your heart, mind, and body belong only to me and me alone. Understood?"

"What? Why does it sound so perverted..." Francesca's cheeks flushed instantly in response.

"Just tell me that you know." Danrique grasped her chin and made her look him in the eyes.

"I know." Just as the words rolled off her tongue, she hurriedly added, "Wait a minute. What about the kids in the orphanage? There's also Anthony, Ms. Layla, and Mr. Lincoln..."

"Okay, okay." Danrique interrupted. "That's enough."

"Fine." Francesca pouted. "What about you? Are your heart, mind, and body also mine and mine alone?"

“Of course. It had always been that way.” Danrique captured her lips again. “I kind of want to have a taste of you again. What should we do? Hmmm?”